

**SAINT THARSICIUS.**

First Martyr of the Eucharist.



## The Thabor of Prayer.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here."



*Sweet Presence that attends our prayers,  
Invisible yet near ;*

*O patient Listener awaiting ever,  
And never weary to hear—*

*On the breath of petition my spirit upsoars,  
To be lost in the love of the God it adores.*

*Lip-words are tokens for men : for Thee, Lord,  
Form the speech in my heart.*

*Read there what Thou likest, as Thou likest—content  
I, to be where Thou art ;*

*To be as Thou willest, these few moments at least,  
When, with Thee communing, all things else have ceased.*

*Is it Peter that says : let us build an abode ;  
It is good to be here ?*

*Nay, sweeter than Thabor is Thy whisper, O Lord :  
" It is I, do not fear."*

*And I feel as I kneel at the call of Thy voice  
All my being rejoice—*

*At the glow of Thy grace, at the flow of Thy peace,  
All human cares cease ;—*

*And Thy presence unseen encompassing me,  
My Lord and my God ! in sweet converse with Thee,*

*Be my life all its days  
Only this : Thy praise.*

ALBERT REYNAUD.



## Particular Practice for the Month of August.

Our Duties towards the Blessed Eucharist.

Second Duty : To Honor It.

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**W**E enter the sanctuary of religion by an act of lively faith, and after having discharged this first duty toward Jesus in the Sacred Host, after having acknowledged His presence in the Blessed Sacrament, we proceed to our second duty : to honor It.

In order to discharge this duty more efficaciously, let us see what right Jesus has to our homage of respect and honor in the Eucharist. The Eucharist is God ; has not God a supreme right to the humble respect of His creatures ? Jesus in the Eucharist is King of hearts and souls ; has He not infinitely more right to be surrounded with brilliant and respectful honors than any earthly king ? Jesus is a Father ; has not a father the right to expect marks of veneration as well as of love from his children ? Each of these titles is an inalienable right whereby Jesus claims the triple homage of our intellect, of our heart, and of our body.

We will honor Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament by our intellect, in submitting our reason to the sublimity of the divine mystery ; in making this proud intellect acknowledge its powerlessness before the accumulated marvels wrought by the Wise and Powerful God in this masterpiece of the hand of the Most High.

We furthermore honor the Eucharist by our intellect in contemplating and studying this wonderful mystery, in order to trace therein as much as possible the limitless dimensions of the charity of Christ. Then, our heart, enlightened by our intellect and swayed by the influence of the tenderness of its God become Host, is naturally led to fulfil the duty of honour which belongs to it: namely, love.

Oh! how sweet and easy it is to accomplish this duty where there is no effort which is not an attraction; no sacrificing of self which is not an acquisition; no sorrow which is not a joy. Spontaneously, then, our love toward Jesus in the Eucharist assumes all the forms of true love: Admiration for the beauties of Its sublime perfections; gratitude for Its marvelous graces and favors; reparation and consolation for Its sorrows and the outrages showered upon It; confidence, desire and prayer so as to give Its divine liberality frequent occasions of overflowing in gifts of graces on the earth as It does eternally, in favor of the blessed in heaven.

Lastly, we must honor the Eucharist by our corporal as well as our spiritual nature. This is done by frequently receiving, at the holy table, the adorable Saviour, made "Living Bread," who comes into us and thus more sensibly reaches our soul and presses it more lovingly on the heart of His Father.

Our corporal homage should not end there: It should lead us to visit the Blessed Eucharist often as is befitting the best of friends; it should induce us to spend long moments in close commune there, in heart to heart intercourse with the divine In-dweller, whose delight is to be with the children of men.

Let us try especially during this month, to show our homage of love by exercising our zeal in visiting and honouring Our Eucharistic King, who perhaps during those vacation-days is even more lonely and abandoned than at other times and who pleads with each one of us:

"Forget Me not: upon the silent altar  
They pass Me by, and leave Me all alone  
They've love for all,—enough for ev'ry other  
For Me their God, their heart is cold as stone."

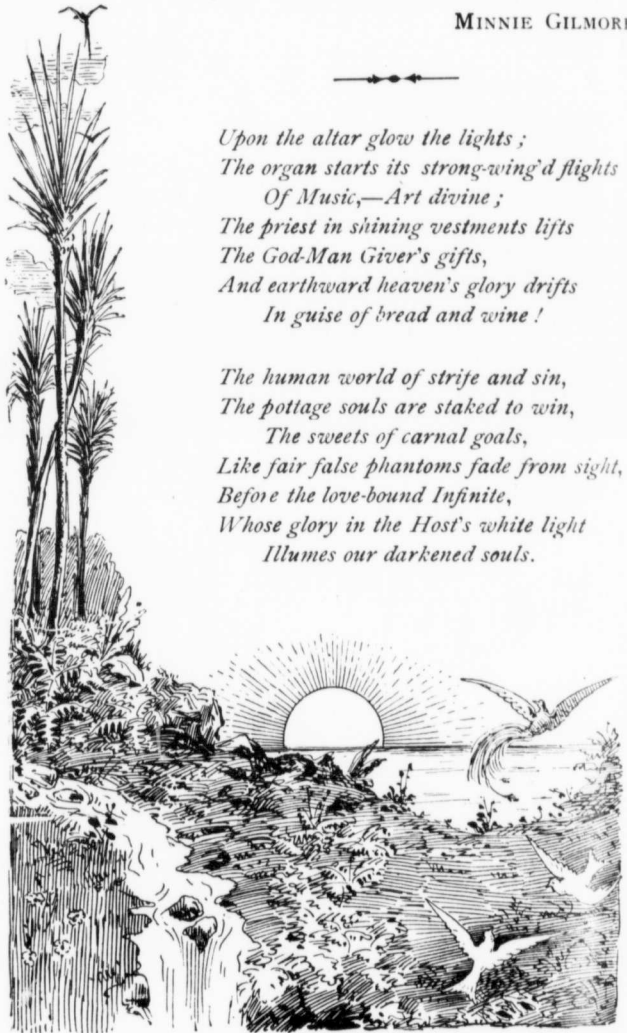
## AT BENEDICTION.

MINNIE GILMORE.



*Upon the altar glow the lights ;  
The organ starts its strong-wing'd flights  
Of Music,—Art divine ;  
The priest in shining vestments lifts  
The God-Man Giver's gifts,  
And earthward heaven's glory drifts  
In guise of bread and wine !*

*The human world of strife and sin,  
The pottage souls are staked to win,  
The sweets of carnal goals,  
Like fair false phantoms fade from sight,  
Before the love-bound Infinite,  
Whose glory in the Host's white light  
Illumes our darkened souls.*



By Sacramental grace we see  
 The profitless sad vanity,  
 Of all the world holds dear ;  
 And recognize that life is real,  
 Alone when serving God's ideal ;  
 To mandate of Christ's Supper leal,  
 Commemorated here !

O sweet, O tender Sacrament,  
 Of Christ's Own Blood and Body blent,  
 O God's white Lamb and Dove,  
 Whatever else our weak souls fail,  
 Thy gentle beauty, Holy Grail,  
 Impels our hearts' devotion.—Hail,  
 O Miracle of Love !

The music swells ; the incense floats ;  
 The bell uplifts its golden notes,  
 And vocal prayers surcease !  
 Upon the mute, adoring throng,  
 Redeeming human ill and wrong,  
 O Pure ! O Fond ! O Sweet ! O Strong !  
 Falls Benediction's peace !





## THE ORGANIST.



NOT many years ago, in one of the most ancient Cathedral of France, lived an organist so old that he could not remember his exact age but who calculated he must be somewhere in the close vicinity of four score and ten. For the last sixty years, he had been a daily familiar figure, seated on his high stool in the organ loft accompanying the Chapter and Parochial offices of the monastic edifice. Though his frail appearance during the last few years betokened his failing strength, nevertheless his life-long position was filled with the same loving fidelity as in his early vigour. He was a skilful artist, one of the old school, and gifted with such a wonderful memory that for many a day the antique missals, serene with age, and the heavy Gregorian antiphonals with massive leather clasps had been unused by him and lay undisturbed in their accumulated covering of dust.

Passionately fond of his art, he was happy only when seated at his organ, an ancient colossal instrument into which he seemed to breathe his very soul and which in its turn awakened in that soul an enthusiastic desire an insatiable longing to lead souls upwards by the expressive magnetism of its voice, whether attuned to major or minor chords. Being naturally shy, he felt more at ease when no outsiders were present and in order to dispense with their assistance he planned a unique and thoroughly successful system of enormous weights which by the aid of an ingenious mechanism a child could easily wind up and which in their noiseless and slow descent

furnished the necessary air to supply the innumerable tubes. And vast was the volume required when on great festivals, the old organist, with eyes raised to heaven, ecstatically gave forth the magnificent hymns befitting the occasion; when vibrating under his master-touch the grand instrument intoned the majestic *Veni Creator*, or the triumphant *Te Deum*; or when at midnight mass, the kneeling congregation melted into tears while the sweet joyous strains of the Christmas carols filled their hearts with such peace and good-will as might have been sung by the watching angels long years ago under the stars of Bethlehem.

This musician of the old school had an instinctive dislike for modern music; according to his idea sacred was the only music in which art attained its apogee. And he held to his opinion so tenaciously that he would not listen to any argument on the subject. "Do you know what impression your modern artists make?" he asked, waxing warm:

"They play beautiful musical passages wherein the cultured may admire their skill and praise their talent. You are kneeling to pray when suddenly the music of their instruments falls upon your ear instantly in spite of yourself, the spirit of criticism takes possession of you, you examine the worth of such and such a passage, the atmosphere of prayer evaporates, your soul loses itself in dreams, you become the slave of the artist and only when you are about to leave the Church do you realize the sad truth that though you enjoyed the music you did not pray. On the other hand, listen to the opening bars of a *Sacris Solemnis*, of a *Laudu Sion*, of an





*Adeste Fidelis.* They stir the inmost depths of your being, you fall on your knees, you become absorbed in God you have no thought but for Him. Why so? I will tell you. Do you imagine for a moment that the holy bishops Fortunatus and Claudius Mamertus when composing the *Vexillas Regis* and the *Pange Lingua*, or St. Ambrose in his glorious *Te Deum* tried to write beautiful music, or flatter the taste of their auditors. No, a thousand times, no? They thought of God and God alone! He was their inspiration; their only endeavour was to honor and praise Him; they worked for His glory while modern artists work for their own and therein is the secret of the vast difference between them and the effects they produce."

It was not often the old organist had to maintain his opinion with such warmth as this for he rarely left his seclusion or received callers. He spent the time not devoted to his organ in a small suite of rooms situated on the same floor and skillfully carried out under the lofty Cathedral heights. His only visitor was an aged Canon who like himself was an ardent admirer of sacred music and whose greatest pleasure was to spend his evenings chatting of music in the artist's cozy sitting room, where, at times Estelle, the organist's dearly loved and only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, joined them. She had graduated from the Ursuline Convent a few years previous'y and since then had been her Father's loving, devoted, sympathetic and inseparable companion. An accomplished musician herself, she entertained the liveliest admiration for her father's genius and accepted enthusiastically and unquestioningly his theories and opinions.

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On Easter Sunday, to enhance the splendour of the triumphant feast, the renowned violinists of the Maitrise had been invited to lend their concurrence. When their sublime chords mingled with the organ's mellow notes floated like angel's voices through the sacred edifice, the old organist, whose instrument was closed to-day because its powerful notes would have completely drowned the effect of the violins and was replaced by a much

smaller one, retreated like a wounded lion to the shelter of a Gothic grating behind which his daughter assisted at the ceremony. There, he listened, shaking his head and scolding under his breath :—" Go ahead, gentlemen. Show your talent, exert your skill, do justice to your renown, make your instrument exult, praise, triumph, do your best : by and by, I shall have my turn."

In fact, scarcely had the feeble voice of the Archbishop



intoned the paschal hymn at the conclusion of Mass that the old organist sprang towards his organ, like an eagle towards its prey, and with aged fingers as yellow and hard as the notes themselves struck up the triumphant hymn. Then, the decorous monotony which had reigned in that tribune for so many years was

broken. The organist's daughter sat gazing intently at her Father completely

under the sway of his glorious music, feeling all that was passing in his soul, understanding the musical effects desired by him whose soul and hers seemed but one, she ran her slender fingers up and down the registers with the quaint titles : Heavenly voices, Thunder of the Lord, Ocean waves, with the result that the air entered in torrents causing fifteen thousand tubes to respond in powerful soul-uplifting harmony, filling the vaulted arches, the vast naves, making the old wood work of the

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antique tribune tremble : *Morte surrexit hodie. Alleluia ! Alleluia !* sang they in such exultant joy that the kneeling congregation, carried away by holy enthusiasm, spontaneously rose and with an immense voice like the sea joined in the chorus, the immortal and triumphant *Alleluia*, the Saviour's hymn, the hymn of Jesus conqueror of death.

After the ceremony, the delighted organist returned to his room and tenderly embraced his daughter, saying : " Ah, my dear child, that is music, true music, music that speaks to the soul and uplifts it to its God — never play any other."

From that day the organist failed rapidly. Had he had a foretaste of what the heavenly *Alleluia* would be and did he sigh for its coming? We know not, but each day seemed to weigh more heavily upon him, his strength visibly declined, yet his intellect remained perfectly clear and active. The following Sunday he was so weak that he could scarcely finish accompanying the last psalms of Compline and leaning on his daughter's arm returned to his own room where from the threshold he cast a lingering look full of sadness on the cherished organ which, perhaps, he might never play again. The next day, for the first time in nearly three quarters of a century, he was absent from his post and his instrument silent, the small organ of Maitrise alone accompanying the Chapter offices.

The organist was seriously ill, the end was but a question of a few hours. His life-long friend, the Canon, administered the last sacraments and spent the day with him consoling him and gently exhorting him to appear with confidence before that good God whose praises he had sung so sublimely and so frequently. Night had cast her sable mantle over the sleeping city : Estelle who hiding her tears remained in constant attendance on her father refusing to leave him for a moment, was now seated in an easy chair apparently dozing. Near the sick man's couch the Canon kept watch quietly reading his breviary. Suddenly, the invalid opened his eyes whispering faintly : " My friends lead me once more to my organ." They thought he was raving ; but he insisted, repeating in a louder tone, " Please humour me. I know

what I am saying. It is my last request." With their assistance he walked the few steps separating him from his cherished friend of years. There in the semi-darkness, lit up only by the flickering candles, his head resting on the Canon's shoulder whose arms supported him, he touched the key-board. Slowly and faintly through the



deserted Cathedral rose the dying man's tribute, growing gradually more solemn and feeling as it lost itself in the *Adoro te devote, latens Deitas*, with a living pathos like a human voice. The Canon, Estelle and the gentle nurse, one of the far-famed sisters of charity, burst into sobs; the player alone remained calm wafting his last homage heavenwards, as it changed into a *Nunc Dimittis* and finally into a triumphant *Alleluia*. His strength sud-



## The Eucharistic Transfiguration.



OUR Lord, taking with Him three disciples, went up on a high mountain to manifest His glory, hidden under the humiliation of the flesh. He desired to strengthen them against the scandal of his Passion, by showing them who He really was,

The Eucharist, also, was instituted on a mountain, much more celebrated than Thabor. Jesus loved mountains. On them He performed many of the great actions of His life. Valleys did not suit Him; they engender miasma and sickness. The earth is for grovellers. Jesus draws to Himself, also by elevating them, souls whom He desires to love with special love. The second transfiguration is more loveable than the first, and much more lasting. It was made in presence of all the Apostles. The first took place in the open air, because glory needs to expand. But the second, with all its love, took place in secret. Jesus concealed it in order to render it more powerful. When one wishes to testify affection for a friend, he folds him in his arms. The charity of zeal extends afar in order to do good to a very great number of souls. The heart's love concentrates itself. We imprison it in order to render it stronger. We gather up its darts as in a lens, just as the optician grinds his glass so as to concentrate in one single point all the rays and all the heat of the light. Our Lord compresses Himself into the small space of the Host, in order to make a focus of more burning love. And as a great conflagration may be enkindled by bringing a lens to bear on inflammable materials, so the Eucharist shoots forth Its flames upon those who participate in It, and consumes them with divine fire.

Jesus was transfigured while praying on Thabor. His raiment became white as snow, His countenance resplendent as the sun. The Apostles could not support its brilliancy. Jesus transfigured Himself in glory to show that His feeble body was, nevertheless, the body of a God.

That transfiguration was made from within. Jesus allowed a ray of the glory that He retained by a perpetual miracle to appear without.

But Jesus was not come to give lessons in glory ; therefore, the vision of Thabor quickly passed. It lasted but an instant.

The Sacramental Transfiguration is made from without. On Thabor, Jesus tore away the veil that hid His Divinity ; but here He suppresses even His Humanity, transfigures It into an appearance of bread, so that He appears to be neither God nor man, and there is no longer question of anything exterior. He buries Himself, and the Sacred Species become the tomb of His power. His Humanity so good, so beautiful, He veils under humility. He seems to become the subject of the accidents, so closely is He united to them, the bread and the wine having been changed into the Body and the Blood of the Son of God. Do you see Him under this transfiguration of love and humanity?

We would, indeed, like to see Jesus in the Sacrament with the eyes of the body. But if the Apostles could not support a single ray of His glory, what would it be to-day ? Love knows how to transfigure itself. Where was there more love, on Calvary or on Thabor ? Weigh it well, and tell me whether it was Calvary or Thabor that converted the world. Love shuns glory. It hides itself, it lowers itself. Thus did the Word do in becoming incarnate, thus did He do on Calvary, and thus does He do still more profoundly in the Eucharist. Instead of complaining, we should thank Our Lord that He does not renew His Thabor. The Apostles lay trembling on the ground, and the words that came from the mouth of God were capable of consuming them. The Apostles scarcely dared speak to our Lord ! But here we speak to Him without fear, because we can press our heart to His, and feel His love !

Let us, then, love this feast of the Transfiguration. It is wholly Eucharistic. Come to this blessed mountain on which Jesus is transfigured. Do not seek there sensible happiness or glory, but the lessons of holiness He gives you by His annihilation. Come, and by your love, your self-abnegation, transfigure yourself into your Sacramental Jesus while waiting to be transfigured into Jesus Christ glorious in heaven.

## SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the  
Blessed Sacrament

“But Deliver us from Evil. Amen.”

### I. — Adoration.

O my Jesus, I adore Thee as the sovereign Teacher of prayer. Until now, with the help of Thy holy grace I have tried to meditate on the various petitions I should offer daily for Thy glory and my own happiness, and I realized that this two-fold purpose would be attained if after beseeching the favor, I obtained, at least in what concerns me, that Thy name be hallowed, that Thy kingdom come, that Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ; that I obtained my spiritual and corporal bread, the pardon of my sins by forgiving others and finally the grace to resist temptations. Were all these petitions granted me, would they not suffice for Thy glory and my happiness ? Evidently not, since Thy sacred lips taught us furthurmore to pray : deliver us from evil.”

This short petition is as the concensus of all the others, yet it adds thereto and causes us to ask new favors.

When we pray : “ Deliver us from evil,” we do not ask only to be delivered from the demon, the author and instigator of all evil and of all sin, which is in reality the sovereign and only evil ; but we also ask to be delivered from the pernicious influence Satan sometimes exercises over the most holy souls by means of his infernal manifestations : namely, possession, obsession, witchcraft ; the grace not to be seduced by deceitful apparitions, vain inspirations, false miracles, or any of those secret societies which in our day unfortunately deceive and ensnare so many.

Finally by this petition : “ deliver us from evil,” we particularly ask to be delivered as much as possible from the many evils devastating the earth, and which are the result and punishment of sin, such as floods, fire, thunder lightning, famine, plague, war, revolution, persecution, sickness, prison, exile, treachery and snares.



What then, dear Jesus, is the great means of deliverance and salvation amid those various dangers? Is it not faith in Thy Eucharistic presence, confidence in Thy all-powerful love? If we loved and honored Thee as we should, the greater part of these evils would be unknown since the number of sins would be considerably lessened, consequently the punishments also; and even if Thy divine Providence still saw fit to try us, to cast us into the midst of some tempest we should not fear, knowing Thy nearness to us, but in humble loving confidence, like the Apostles of yore, we should throw ourselves at Thy feet crying: "Lord save us we perish!" Eucharistic King Jesus, we know Thou dost abide with us principally to console us in our sorrows, to mitigate them, to render them less heavy and more meritorious. We adore Thee O eternal Conqueror of Satan, and with and through Thee we believe ourselves capable of overcoming our enemies, whether visible or invisible; and of bearing all the ills of life. We place all our confidence in Thee and earnestly beg: "deliver us from evil."

## II. — Thanksgiving.

How good Thou art, dear Jesus, to us Thy poor children! On the one hand compelling us to pray to be delivered from all evil, on the other binding Thyself to grant our request. Was it not for that Thou didst come into the world. Was it not for that Thou didst take upon Thyself the greater part of our sufferings and sorrows? I hear Thee, as on the eve of Thy death after having left us the greatest proof of Thy love in the Sacrament of Thy Body and Blood, addressing Thy Father in our behalf these words fraught with such consolation for us: "I ask not that Thou take them out of this world, but that Thou preserve them from all evil."

O ineffable goodness; O incomparable generosity of Thy heart, dear Jesus, taking upon Itself all the suffering, the humiliation, the anguish, the blood-shedding, the bitter tears, giving us the least suffering possible, a few tears, a few drops of blood because it is absolutely necessary for our salvation.

Though Thy justice may at times oblige Thee to punish us, it is never so rigorously as we deserve. How often Thou hast spared us, when, sinking beneath our burden, we confidently had recourse to Thee, to Thy blessed Mother, to Thy Angels and Saints, pleading: "deliver us from evil." Thanksgiving be to Thee merciful Saviour, for all the sick-

nesses Thou hast healed, the sufferings Thou hast spared guilty humanity, the many miracles and prodigious favors Thou hast granted through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the angels and saints. My thanksgiving reaches the supreme degree, when I consider that in truth there is no real evil but sin, and that, apart from sin, whatever causes me physical or moral suffering, not only, is not strictly speaking, an evil, but may sometimes become through the inscrutable designs of Providence an occasion of great supernatural good. In confirmation of this, what astonishing exaltations after profound humiliations we read of in the lives of the Saints! What sublime vocations the outcome of trials or apparent accidents!

Evil, or what we call such in this petition, is of priceless value in the spiritual combat, first, because it enables us to pay the debts which we contracted by sin and which it is much better to pay in this world than in the next; second, because if we bear this evil patiently and lovingly it will win for us an immense sum of everlasting glory and heavenly joys of which we cannot even conceive the greatness. Not the least among its advantages is that it makes us resemble Jesus Christ crucified and gives us the means of rendering Him love for love. Moreover, for the devout, resigned soul, consolation generally accompanies the cross, the consolation which made St. Paul cry out in his great sufferings: "I superabound with joy in the midst of my tribulations;" and St. Francis-Xavier: "Enough, Lord! Enough." It is principally at the foot of the altar, before the tabernacle, at the moment of communion, that all the ills of life seem to vanish or grow considerably less.

May we be animated with the sentiments of the saints when the cross is laid upon us! May we, like them, in adversity or in prosperity, sing with equal gladness: *Sit nomen Domini benedictum; Deo Gratias; Magnificat.*

### III. — Reparation.

That I am a child of Adam and Eve is sufficient reason I should suffer in this world, since I inherit from them original sin, the primary source of evil; but apart from this, when I think of my many actual sins, I realize how I must have increased the evil already weighing so heavily on the world.

Pardon, Lord Jesus, for my share of the responsibility in the general suffering of humanity. Deliver us from all evil especially from the evil of sin. My God, if sorrow has

often been my portion, I humbly acknowledge I have deserved it on account of my sins ; still, my anguish might have been less had I fervently prayed as Thou didst counsel : deliver us from evil."

Pardon, Lord Jesus, for not having invoked Thee with sufficient confidence ; pardon, Lord Jesus, for having murmured and rebelled against Thine adorable justice. Forgive me, Lord Jesus, according to Thy great mercy and grant that may never again wound Thy tender heart.

#### IV. — Prayer.

In conclusion what grace can I ask for more pleasing to Thee, dear Jesus, than that of resembling Thy servant, St. John Chrysostom, of whom it was affirmed : " that man fears only sin ? " The grace to consider as real evil only sin and what may lead to sin.

I ask Thee, O my well-beloved Saviour, in my sorrows and sufferings, in my difficulties, trials, miseries and temptations, the grace never to forget that Thou art always there, in Thy Eucharistic abode waiting to console and strengthen me, repeating the tender invitation of yore : Come to Me, you who are burdened, and I will refresh you ; you who suffer and I will comfort you ; you who are lonely and I will console you ; you who are sad and anxious and I will give you peace and joy.

I beg of Thee, O Eternal Conqueror of Satan, O all-powerful Liberator, I beg of Thee the grace of a lively practical belief in the invincible power of Thy Most Holy Sacrament to banish Satan, to triumph over his agents, to appease and avert the anger of divine Justice. And in return, to prove my love and gratitude for this life-giving Sacrament, I will pray unceasingly for the advent of Thy Eucharistic reign, that is to say, for the ever-increasing prosperity of all the works of adoration, of reparation, and of communion, as the more Thy Eucharist is adored, praised, exalted and loved by an increasing number of devout faithful, so much the more will the influence of Satan diminish and mankind in general be delivered from the many evils oppressing him. " Deliver us from evil. Amen."





## The Franciscans of Gaëta.

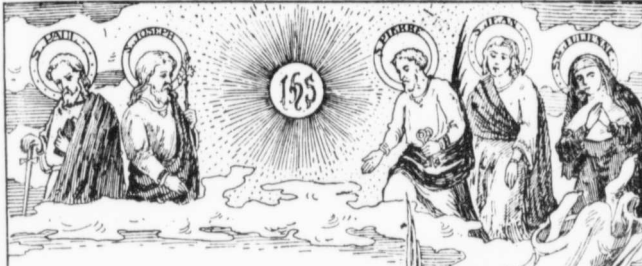
**I**N the year 1222, in the city of Gaëta, two lay-brothers, of the order of St. Francis Assisium, set out early on the morning of Holy Thursday to beg food for their community. The brothers being retained longer than they thought, got back too late to assist at mass, or receive communion, and to their great surprise found it was nearly dinner-time and that the monks had already assembled in the refectory. They themselves were sadly in need of food as they had not broken their fast since the previous eve, but instead of partaking of the frugal meal, they went to the chapel and there prostrate before the Tabernacle wept and lamented that they had been deprived of the great happiness of receiving holy Communion on this the anniversary of Its institution. Like children they poured out their grief to the God of love who desires nothing so much as to give Himself to well disposed souls and whom their lively faith and sincere sorrow deeply touched.

As they were contemplating the Tabernacle with eyes full of tears, the blessed Tabernacle enclosing the only object of their ardent desires, the door suddenly opened and Jesus Christ Himself appeared to them under the form of a young man full of gentleness and majesty, as He must have looked when He gave Communion to His Apostles with His own hand, or when, a few days after He consoled the pilgrims of Emmaüs, disclosing His identity at the "Breaking of the Bread." Taking two hosts from the ciborium Jesus approached the lay-brothers,

whose hearts overflowed with admiration and joy, gave them the heavenly Bread and re-entered the Tabernacle. When the enraptured brothers enthusiastically related



the miracle, some of their companions were inclined to treat it as a vision, but were forced to believe when they saw the divine foot prints left by Our Saviour on the altar steps as irrefutable proof of His divine presence and wonderful apparition.



### A Whisper from the Tabernacle.

**T**HE Voice of the Lord is low  
 and sweet  
 As the breath of summer air,  
 It steals to mine ear, so soft and  
 clear,  
 In the restful place of prayer.  
 It whispers the word, "Come, fol-  
 low Me,  
 Thou child of My love and choice,"  
 From altar dome of his earthly home  
 Speaks His low, persuasive voice.  
 And, Master, what shall my answer  
 be?  
 Could I wish to say Thee "Nay"?  
 Ah, no, sweet Lord, I'll follow Thee,  
 And near Thee remain always!





## An Apostle of the Eucharist.

Reverend Peter Julian Eymard.

His Saintly Death.



THE hour of eternity was about to sound for the venerable founder: He wished no one to notice its coming: he wished to serve until the very end. But his associates seeing him daily growing weaker became alarmed and urged him to take a much-needed rest. Ceding to their importunities, he will return to his natal land to recuperate in the beautiful mountains where he had passed his childhood. A still greater attraction influenced his decision, that of revisiting the shrine of Our Lady of Laus. This hope buoyed him up. "Laus!" said he, "the privileged sanctuary where the Blessed Virgin bestowed on me so many graces; where I see once more the pillar against which, at twelve years of age, I leaned and wept so bitterly for my sins, after my general confession. My greatest delight would be to kneel there alone, to pray as long as I choose."

He left Paris on the seventeenth of July and with his indomitable courage preached his farewell sermon on Thursday, the eve of his departure, though all that day acute rheumatic pain had chained him on his couch of suffering. He concluded that memorable sermon by these words: "Yes, we believe in the love God has for us! Believe in that love, all is therein. It is not sufficient to

believe in truth, we must believe in love. And love is Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament. Behold the faith that makes Our Lord loved. Ask for this pure and simple faith in the Eucharist. Men will teach you, Jesus alone will show you how to believe in Him :— Come and communicate to obtain the strength and not the sensible pleasure of faith. The Eucharist exists... What more do you wish for ? ”

On the 22nd of July, Père Eymard offered the holy sacrifice in the sanctuary of Our Lady of La Salette, at Grenoble, at the tender Mother's shrine, who exactly



thirty years ago, day for day, had filled with ineffable happiness and peace the heart of the young priest saying his first mass and sustained his trembling hand consecrating the adorable Victim for the first time. He became so ill he could not finish his thanksgiving. Feeling somewhat better in the afternoon he decided to start on his journey to La Mure ; but the exertion was too much and during the trip he was stricken with congestion of the brain which paralysed half of his head and deprived him of the power of speech. He was tenderly and gently cared for by his kind sister whose life-long devotedness to her brother God rewarded by allowing her to be with him and nurse him in this sad crisis.



The disease made rapid progress. His worn-out constitution always taxed beyond its strength offered no resistance, while the most alarming symptom of his illness was his extreme weakness. Calm in the midst of his sufferings, his sweet smile replacing the kind words whose secret had always been his, he resignedly awaited the end. He read the physician's fears, he accepted the wishes for his recovery, but equally indifferent to all, his only desire was to do God's holy will.

He died far away from his spiritual family, born at the price of many sorrows, educated at the cost of incalculable sacrifices ; but God demanded this supreme sacrifice from his devoted servant ; and the religious of the Most Holy Sacrament had the great grief of learning the death of their beloved Father almost in the same breath as his illness. His annihilation of self is forcibly illustrated by the remark he addressed to two of his confrères who, grief-stricken at his serious illness, hastened to his bed-side. " Why did you come," said he, " it was not worth while." In his eyes, dying was only a necessary action of his service.

He had the great consolation of assisting twice at the holy sacrifice offered in his room and on the last day of receiving again, in the morning, his Lord in Viaticum. The previous evening after being anointed he turned to his sister, saying affectionately, " Adieu, dear sister, all is finished."

About fifteen hours afterwards, he quietly expired fixing a look full of hope on an image of the crucified Saviour. Instantly, his face assumed a life-like appearance ; as if a reflexion of the heavenly life, a sweet smile spread over his lips, as with eyes slightly opened, he seemed to silence the sobs of those who surrounded him, by these words so often repeated during his life : " Whether I am with you or not, what does it matter ? Have you not always the Eucharist with you ? "

Our Lord called him to his well-earned reward on Saturday, the first of August, the feast of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, at the hour of the first vespers of Our Lady of Portioncula, at the age of 57 years, 5 months and 27 days.

Robed in sacerdotal vestments and the alb with which, twelve years previously, he had for the first time solemnly enthroned the Eucharistic King in perpetual adoration, his remains lay exposed until Sunday night.

Two attendants scarcely sufficed to meet the demand of the many who desired to have their beads and other objects of devotion touch the reputed saint. The Pastors of the neighbouring parish requested the honor of carrying the body. The Dean of La Mure gave the general absolution in the presence of a profoundly sympathetic congregation which the church was not large enough to accommodate, and when the funeral cortège passed to the cemetery it was difficult to break the rank of the dense crowd eager to get a last look at that peaceful radiant face.

A simple stone priedieu marked the spot where, at the head of the church, his face turned to the altar, Père Eymard was laid to rest a few feet from the sacred tabernacle where Jesus spoke to his heart for the first time and irrevocably conquered it. To-day, his mortal remains repose in the sanctuary of the mother-house at Paris where the faithful surround them with veneration and respect several times rewarded by singular graces.

His life of adorer, servitor, Eucharistic Apostle was only the prolonged repetition of his cry of love; "Reign, O Lord Jesus—May I by my annihilations become the ladder of Thy Eucharistic throne."



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday, July 17th, at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



## “Jesus is There.”



WHEN kneeling before the Tabernacle, have you never heard a sweet irresistible voice whispering to your heart : Jesus is there ?

Jesus is there !

Oh ! how this loving whisper changes the aspect of things ! How it tinges all with the glint of its tenderness ! The Tabernacle fades from our view the Sacred Host is divested of what the church calls the appearances and our happy hearts see and fell the reality : Jesus !

It is really He as my heart pictures Him in the days of His mortal life, Jesus the benign, the merciful, the tender, the compassionate... and He speaks to me, now, as He spoke centuries ago to the disciples who followed Him.

I hear the sympathetic voice saying : “ my poor child why are you so sad, so full of anxiety ” ? Master ! Christ King, how can I be otherwise when Thou dost allow a course of events which scatters perturbation throughout the world, —which threatens my life and that of those I love,—which may mar my future, —spoil my position — and leave me in abandonment isolation, poverty, perhaps even in misery ... How can I be otherwise than anxious and sad under the circumstances ? “ You forget then, my child, that I am your Father, that I wish you to be with Me for all eternity and that it is for this eternity I am now preparing your soul.”

“ Child ! ” If you only saw your soul as I see it ! If you only knew how sin has disfigured it !

It has given itself up to affection, scarring it with ugly stains and breeding disease ! It has nourished passions which have inflamed desires and which have given it that livid appearance of a corpse whose blood is vitiated ! It has contracted habits filling it with illusions, lulling it

into a certain devotional calm, falsely making it imagine it is in peace !

Oh ! if you saw your soul as I see it, poor child, how you would cling to me weeping and imploring : Heal me ! Cure me ! Help and save me ! That is exactly my intention when I send sorrow.—Sorrow in all its phases is the only remedy that My Providence has judged worthy of my Justice.”

I know merciful Father, I need an antidote to destroy the evil, to cauterize the wound to uproot the deeply planted vice...but the one Thou dost inflict is very painful and very hard to bear.

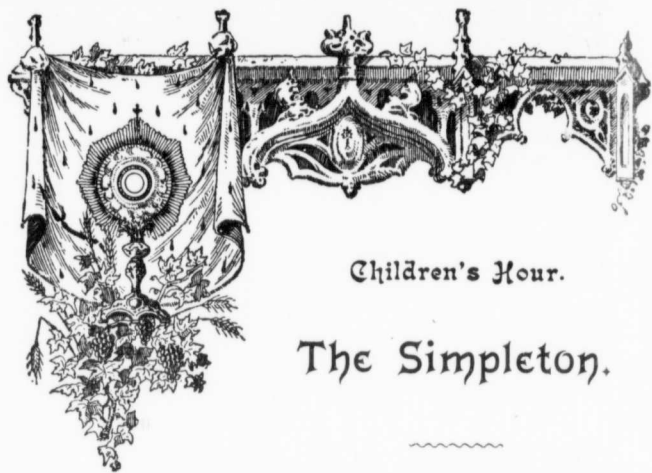
—Only, my child, because it is unexpected, because it stuns you and prevents your having recourse to me.

If from the very first moment you had lifted your thoughts to My Providence, had come to Me here, and repeated the prayer which strengthened Me in the garden of Olives : Fiat ! oh ! how calm you would have gone away, resigned to continue your daily life in peace beneath the shadow of the cross. Tell me, what would you do if I allowed fire to consume your fortune, —serious illness to deprive you of some dearly loved one, —long and painful suffering to afflict, under your eyes, one whom you fain would spare ? ”

What should I do ? Dear compassionate Saviour. I should have recourse to Thee. I should pour out my grief at Thy sacred feet and earnestly beg for resignation and patience — until Thy blessed will saw proper to take away the trial.

Well, my child, do so now ? I am your Father ! I will not forsake you. Do you not believe I will not try you one moment more than is necessary ? Do you think that if I see you faithful, submissive, and patient that I will give you nothing in compensation. If I deprive you of human affection and sympathy, I will give you peace of soul.

Yes, Lord ! Thy blessed Will is mine. In joy or gladness, in pain or sadness, I have no will but Thine. Fiat ! Fiat ! Fiat ? And the oftner I repeat my fiat, the more strength and peace fills my soul and the Master's voice grows even more tender and irresistible. Fiat, Jesus, for time and eternity.



Children's Hour.

## The Simpleton.

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**T**HE following occurrence was co incident with the beginning of the French Revolution, in the year 1793 : Abbé Terrion, its hero, was then curate in a parish of Limousin. He had been invested with the sacerdotal character at the last ordination, only a few weeks previous, and though he was twenty-three years of age, to judge by his small stature and youthful countenance, one would scarcely believe him to be eighteen. Compelled like the rest of his confrères to abandon his parish and seek safety in concealment, he took refuge in a neighbouring farm house where he was employed in tending the sheep.

The master, Mr. Rochard, was the only member of the household aware of his identity. He strongly advised the priest more than once. "Do not, I beg of you even hint at your sacred character among the farmers, the children, but above all in presence of my wife, for she is such a good christian that if she knew who you were, in spite of all her precautions, she would betray you sooner or later by her marks of reverence ; besides, she is a great talker and the very fact of harbouring a priest would delight her so that before night-fall the great secret would be the possession of all the villagers, and, perhaps, to our sorrow, a traitor might lurk among the number. So be very careful."

Thus it was settled that only the farmer himself should know of the priest's identity, while he posed as a caretaker of sheep. Naturally of a light-hearted and joyous disposition, the young priest promised to do his best to play his role seriously and, to disarm suspicion, he began



by assuming an expression of stupidity which had often served him in his boyish pranks.

He had not been an inmate of the farm-house many days when its mistress, Madame Rochard, an exemplary Christian matron, who conscientiously discharged her duties as mother of a family, thought that, perhaps, her little shepherd might need to be instructed in his catechism. Early the next morning, she called him, saying :

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"Peter, come here and say your prayers out loud and recite a little of your catechism before leading your sheep to pasture."

"If you wish, ma'am," replied the priest with an idiotic air throwing himself at her feet.

"Begin — your "Our Father," till I see if you know how to say it properly."

"If you wish, ma'am."

"Well go on."

The little Shepherd began the Lord's Prayer ; but, after pronouncing two or three words, he stopped, began again, then abruptly stopped and hung his head in confusion before the pitying eyes of his kind mistress so intently fixed upon him.

"Poor little fellow ! You do not even know your "Our Father. How old are you ? Sixteen, at least, I am sure."

"Yes ma'am, surely that..."

"Isn't it shameful ! Did you ever go to school ? Who taught you ?"

"Priests, ma'am."

"Then, you must be a simpleton."

"I suppose so ma'am."

The good woman then tried to teach him the "Our Father." She was wonderfully patient, making him repeat first word by word, then phrase by phrase ; the boy apparently did his best to profit by her lesson but without success. He had no sooner learned the last words than the first were completely forgotten.

Finally his teacher grew disheartened." You will never be anything but a simpleton," cried she impatiently, giving him a ringing slap on the cheek.

"Go to your work ; your sheep would learn their "Our Father " quicker than you."

"I suppose so ma'am " calmly replied the boy rising to obey her command.

Shortly afterwards, Mistress Rochard was secretly informed by her husband that the holy sacrifice of the Mass would be offered the next night in the seclusion of the forest, at a certain spot, not far from the farm of Great Vernon, by a priest concealed in the district ; she, in her turn, spread the joyful tidings among her neighbours,

cautioning them not to say a word about it to her little shepherd. "He is so simple," said she, "he might repeat the secret to every one indiscriminately, not through wickedness, — he is too innocent for that, — but his indiscretion would have the same fatal result ; so do not mention it to him at all." The following night, at the



appointed hour, a great number of peasants assembled from the farms and neighbouring villages at the pious meeting place, where an improvised altar had been hastily erected in the vast glade, while armed men guarded the entrances to the woods.

In the first row of the assistants knelt Mistress Richard deeply absorbed in prayer. As the celebrant on his way



to the altar passed before her, she nearly collapsed, so great was her surprise. He certainly bore a wonderful resemblance to her little shepherd... She could almost swear it was he... But what an absurd idea !... What foolishness !... A boy who could not even say his " Our Father !..." And yet... if it is not he, it must be his ghost.

Dazed, not believing her eyes, she drew nearer the altar. Within a foot or two of the celebrant she stopped, murmuring... " it is he !... the little shepherd offering the Mass !"

She returned to her place more puzzled than ever, whispering to those around her " What does it mean ? How can he celebrate Mass, the boy who could not say even his prayers ?"

When the priest had finished the Holy Sacrifice and was about to devest, the poor woman could contain herself no longer, but burning with shame and remorse she threw herself at his feet : crying : " Pardon me, Father, for having misjudged you, for having called you a simpleton, for heaving struck your cheek ;... but if you had said your prayers when I asked you to say them, all this would never have happened.

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### Vesting Rites.

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*When'er I wind the Amice o'er my head,  
I think of Christ, blindfolded, buffeted.*

*And when with Alb I clothe myself each morn,  
I think of Him in Herod's garb of scorn.*

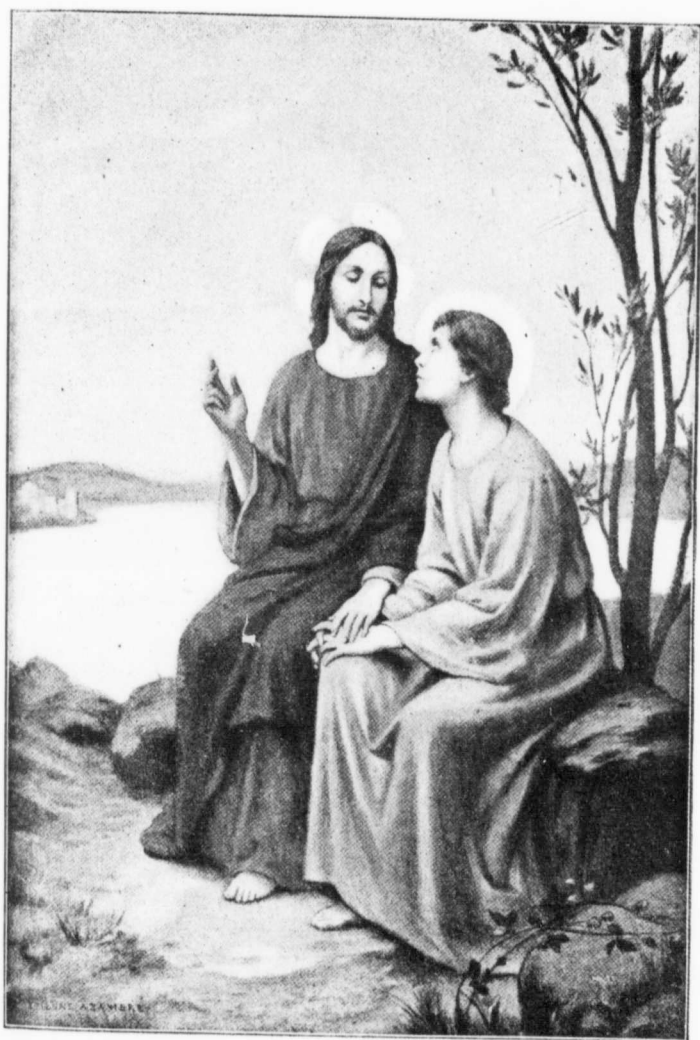
*In Cineture and in Maniple I see  
The cruel cords, dear Lord ! that fettered Thee.*

*The Stole reminds me of the cross of wood  
That soon was reddened with the Precious Blood.*

*The Chasuble before my vision brings  
The purple robe that mocked the King of Kings.*

*And, when I clasp the Chalice, I recall  
Christ's eager haste to die for me, for all.*

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The Divine Call.